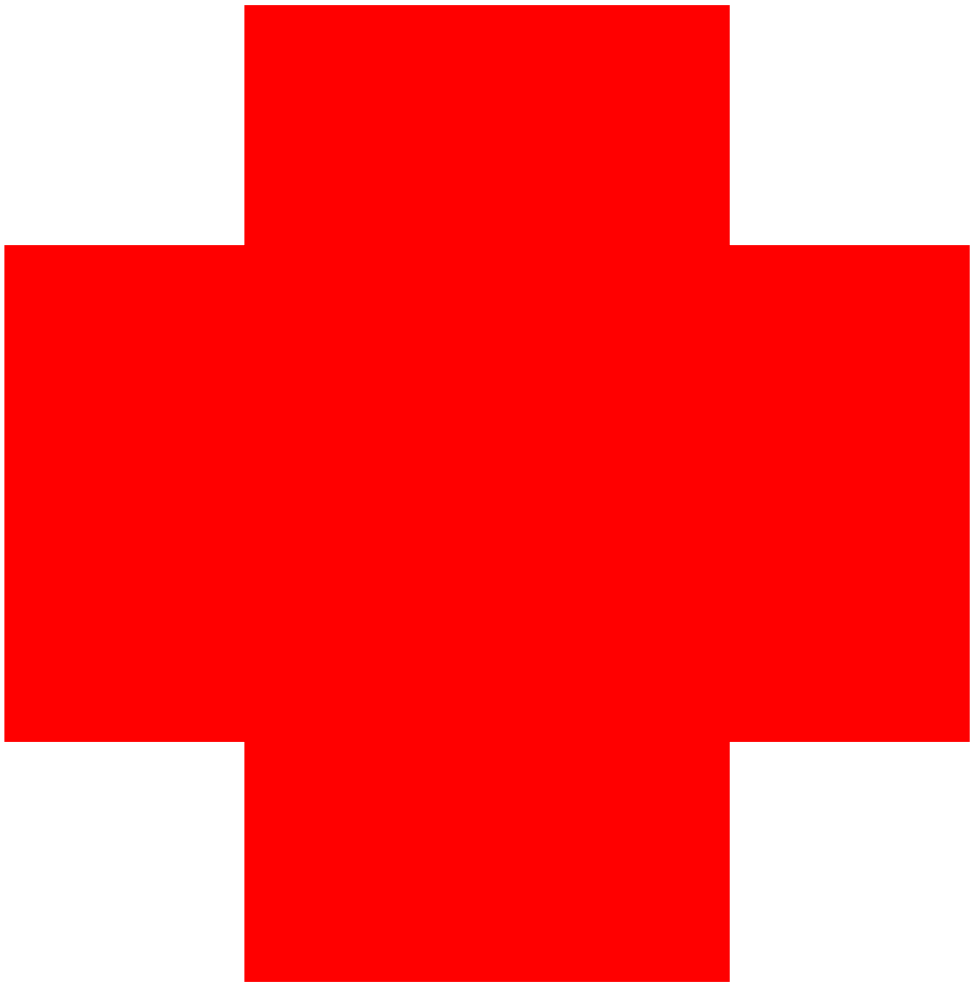
A.T.A.C.K

Angry Trannies* Against Cops and Kings

*and Dykes, Faggots, etc.



Pain

You cannot buy the revolution. You cannot make the revolution. You can only be the revolution. It is in your spirit, or it is nowhere.

Issue 9 Feb 24

Where the Fraser River Flows

Dear
fellow
worker
who I
promised
not to
mourn

flowers grow
shoots in the pavement
seeds in the air
the winds of change

strapped to a chair a man shouts
FIRE
comrades why are you so quiet
the ground beneath us swelled
as we lowered him down

fellow workers pay attention
carried by the river
clay turns to mud turns to silt
returns to the sea

we can
and we
must

shoots grow and
then
replant themselves
lying in wait
      for a future
they'll never see

In your
name

black is the colour of mourning
our flags blot out the dawn

STOP FUCKING KILLING US

The Trans Murder Monitoring Report began in 2008. In the 15 years to 2023 it has reported on over 4600 deaths. More than 300 trans people per year have been violently killed and their deaths reported in the news. The actual number will be higher, because not every murder gets news coverage.

You know what we don't see?

The reverse. For all the fearmongering and wild fantasies cis people invent about the potential danger that trans people pose just by existing in their communities, we don't see stories about trans people murdering their cis neighbours. Or assaulting them. Or really doing anything except getting upset and asking for basic human dignity.

Which we are denied. And then we are killed.

If trans people were murdering 300 cis people per year worldwide we would KNOW. You'd never stop screaming it! We're supposed to be these violent, dangerous boogeymen lurking in your sacred bathrooms and 'gendered spaces' just waiting for the right moment to strike.

The truth is the opposite. You are killing us. By the hundreds. Every year.

You became the monsters you imagined.

Now you're killing our children too.

Just stop.

Stop.

You’re Not Allowed

You're not allowed to Do It Yourself,
So just sit tight there on the shelf.
Let us wring our hands and say:
"It's safest to wait another day.

Trust your doctors. Trust the system.
And never question our true mission.
We'll help you soon. We promise we care:
Here's two milligrams spiro and a hope and a prayer."

Safety is Overrated

Seeing a lot of people talking about how dangerous it is to DIY HRT, and they're not wrong. The concerns are often overblown, mind. It's difficult to fuck yourself up too badly. But the risk isn't zero. It's better to get it all done with the help and support of experts. That would be the ideal. But it isn't always possible. People fight for years, and die, waiting for the experts to consider their case.

The most common rebuttal is that not going onto HRT is also dangerous and yeah that's true. Dysphoria kills.

But safety is also a fucking stupid goal.

Any action brings risk. The further from the norm, the greater the risk. Associating with trans people brings risk. Being any kind of trans person? More risk. The more visible you are? Even more risk. The more vocal you are? More risk.

We live in a society that enforces conformity through violence. Physical, financial, medical, social. There are countless ways that veering from the cisheteronormative standard brings violent consequence that are intended to make you stop.

To make it dangerous to continue.

The safest thing you can do is nothing at all.

Stay out of sight.

Stay quiet.

Stay still.

Then you'll stay safe.

You just also won't be living.

So, you have a choice. It isn't my job to tell you where to draw the line. How much danger is too much danger is something that we all have to decide for ourselves.

But don't imagine for a moment that this fucked up world we live in will ever let you be totally safe.

It won't. We aren't.

Embrace the danger. Trust me. Life's more fun with a little risk.

Our Violence is Good Violence

"There is no such thing as political murder, political bombing or political violence. There is only criminal murder, criminal bombing and criminal violence."

Sorry to sully these pages/pixels with the words of the inimitable Margaret Fucking Thatcher, but these words have been getting on my nerves latelys. Your average British mook won't fess to being a cold-hearted Thatcherite, but they'll still probably agree with the above statement - especially if you excised the husk of a person who uttered it from the context.

If you don't know, this is from a speech in support of "stamping out terrorism", a speech in which our Glorious Leader praised the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the Ulster Defence Regiment. (For those unfamiliar, quickly look up their Wikipedia pages and skim through the relevant "criticism"/"controversy" sections.)

Alright, welcome back. So even if you don't jive with more "radical" definitions of violence, she was praising organisations responsible for well-evidenced illegal brutality and massacres. But those were in aid of the state, not against it. State violence is non-violent.

State violence is law.

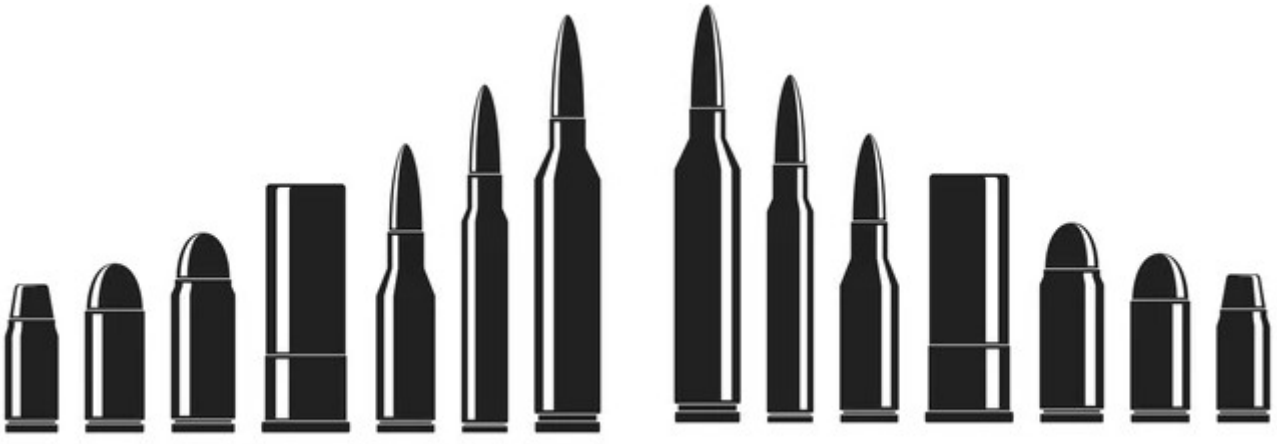
State violence is security.

State violence is defence.

Only the violence the Bad People do counts. How do you know they're bad? Well, they have the wrong paperwork, obviously.

And once you see this, you will be maddened constantly by those blind to it.

So here's to political crime against criminal politics.



ADAB

you have to play the game with doctors

doctors are secret cops, you see
they say they're not, they're on your side and here to help you
but gods forbid you step out of line
how dare you know yourself?
forget about all the hours of research you spent on symptoms
the weeks and months in community with others in similar positions
nah, you're making up those symptoms.

drug-seeking.
it's fine to take the drugs if they push them, but you can never ask.
it doesn't matter how many reasons you have to believe the med will help
doesn't matter if you've been prescribed before, now you're drug-seeking and that's going in your record, you sick junkie

frankly doesn't matter if you ask or not, if you come in with a "background" or "history" deemed suspicious
you're homeless or work two jobs or queer or trans or not white or are fat or mentally ill or heaven forbid you had a drug use history of any kind

now, what next if you have your life-ruining symptoms and you're labeled an addict already, so nothing is getting treated?
that's when some people might, understandably, self-medicate with whatever they can

and that's where the public cops come in
cause see? you're an addict just like the doctors always fucking said
and now you're so desperate for symptom relief
with no hope of medical intervention
and fuck it, the chart already says drug addict.

so your untreated chronic pain
or your anxiety for which you will never again see real medical intervention
or your unmanaged adhd with a higher pattern of community suicidality than depression alone
turns out you can medicate this non-exhaustive list yourself if you try hard enough
but that's where drug cops come in
and your medical history says you've gone further into addiction

no one will ever believe you even if you recover, and what is recovery if you aren't on drugs but are debilitated by panic and pain and no longer have will to live?

you're a drug addict now.
so they throw you in supervised rehab
random drug tests
activity monitored - where does your ankle bracelet say you've been?
hospital stays
jail or prison, especially if you're not white
sectioned and stipulated for mental health

only to be still considered an addict when you've tried to be good for years
without relief from your symptoms

all you wanted was relief
relief isn't coming

instead you are now part of the population of drug addicts, labeled by doctors for rejection by society for your crimes.

and they say the medical model replaced the moral model of addiction.

Hah.

that's why you have to play the game with doctors. fuckin cops.

“Die cis scum”

These are not the words uttered over the dead bodies of the gender normies it describes, but rather the tears of siblings staring at a mountain made out of corpses of their comrades. It is not a battle cry for equality but a tender tear falling from this never ending helplessness of our oppression. In rage we might whisper words of murder towards the doctor who seemed uncaring when his best effort was not good enough.

Cis people:

If this is your best effort it is not good enough.

Do not mistake our pain for an intent to instill onto you the kind of oppression we are facing. If you fear that level of oppression perhaps you can realize why we are all in so much pain. Aching for the lost memories of people who never reached their full potential as again and again they are pushed to the sidelines; regulated to the fringes of society demanding that they feel grateful we have access to such technology that they can conform to another rigid gendered form they often can't afford.

It's almost as if society as we know it is dependent on hierarchy and those who dare to be undefined threaten monotonous systems of control.

I didn't write this piece until I had received death threats and ill wishes, begging for my end of existence, really tales of they provoked it, they deserve this simply by existence.

So forgive my peers that utter these ungentle words in tears and in pain, counting the graves of their friendships. You've put me on trial for simply having breathed myself, my whole self,

into existence.

I will not be another dead trans statistic.

HEY!

You.

Yeah, you.

You look like you've got something to say.

Come shout it with us.

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We will never own up to distributing it.

Yell any submissions to atackuk@proton.me

Or at people in the street but we can't promise to publish those.